

Love given o're: **xx**

OR, A

# SATYR

AGAINST THE

Pride, Lust, and Inconstancy, &c.

OF

# WOMAN.



LONDON,

Printed for R. Bentley, and J. Tonson. 1685.

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# TO THE READER.

**T**HE Pious Endeavours of the Gown,  
has not prov'd more ineffectual in the  
reclaiming the Errors of a vitious  
Age, than Satyr (the better way, tho' less  
practis'd) the amendment of Honesty, and good  
Manners amongst us. Nor is it a wonder, when  
we consider that Women, (as if they had the  
ingredient of Fallen-Angel in their composition)  
the more they are lash'd, are but the more hard-  
ned in Impenitence: and as Children in some  
violent Distemper, commonly spit out those cheri-  
shing Cordials, which if taken, might chase away  
the Malady: So they (inspir'd as 'twere with  
a natural aversness to Vertue) despise that whol-  
som Counsel, which is Religiously design'd for  
their future good, and happiness. Judge then,  
if Satyr ever had more need of a sharper sting  
than now: when he can look out of his Cell on  
no side, but sees so many Objects beyond the



## TO the READER.

reach of indignation. Nor is it altogether unreasonable for me (while others are lashing the Rebellious Times into Obedience) to have one fling at Woman, the Original of Mischief. Altho' I'm sensible I might as well expect to see Truth and Honesty uppermost in the World, as think to be free from the Bitterness of their Resentments: But I have no reason to be concern'd at that: since I'm certain my design's as far from offending the good. If there are any amongst 'em that can be said to be so, as those few that are good, would be offended at their Reception into the Eternal Inhabitations of Peace, to be Crown'd there with the Sacred Remard of their Labours. As for those that are ill, if it reflect on them, it succeeds according to my wish: for I have no other design but the amendment of Vice, which if I could but in the least accomplish, I should be well pleas'd and not without reason too: for it must needs be a satisfaction to a young unskilful Archer, to hit the first Mark he ever aim'd at.

Farewel

A



Love given ore:

SATYR

AGAINST WOMAN

At length from Love's vile Slavery I am free,  
And have regain'd my ancient Liberty:  
I've shook those Chains off, which my bondage wrought,  
Am free as Air, and unconfin'd as thought's

For faithless Silvia I no more adore;  
Kneel at her feet, and pray in vain no more:  
No more my Verse shall her fled worth proclaim,  
And with soft praises celebrate her Name:  
Her Frowns do now no awful terrors bear;  
Her Smiles no more can cure or cause despair.  
I've banish'd her for ever from my Breast,  
Banish'd the proud Invader of my rest,  
Banish'd the Tyrant Author of my woes,  
That robb'd my Soul of all its sweet repose:  
Not all her treach'rous Arts, bewitching Wiles,  
Her Sighs, her Tears, nor her deluding Smiles,  
Shall my eternal Resolution move,  
Or make me talk, or think, or dream of Love:  
The whining Curse I've banish'd from my Mind,  
And with it, all the thoughts of Woman-kind.  
Come then my Muse, and seize the occasion's fair,  
Gainst the lewd Sex to proclaim an endless War:  
Which may renew as still my Verse is read,  
And live, when I am mingl'd with the dead.

Discover

## A Satyr against Woman.

Discover all their various sorts of Vice,  
The Rules by which they ruine and intice,  
Their Folly, Falshood, Luxry, Lust, and Pride,  
With all their num'rous Race of Crimes beside:  
Unvail 'em quite to ev'ry vulgar Eye,  
And in that shameful posture let 'em lie,  
Till they (as they deserve) become to be  
Abhorr'd by all Mankind, as they 're abhorr'd by me.

Woman! by Heav'n's the very Name's a Crime,  
Enough to blast, and to debauch my Rhime.  
Sure Heav'n it self (intransigent) like *Adam* lay,  
Or else some banish'd Fiend usurp'd the sway  
When *Eve* was form'd; and with her, usher'd in  
Plagues, Woes, and Death, and a new World of Sin.  
The fatal Rib was crooked and unev'n,  
From whence they have their Crab-like Nature giv'n;  
Averse to all the Laws of Man, and Heav'n.

O *Lucifer*, thy Regions had been thin,  
Were't not for Woman's propagating Sin:  
'Tis they alone that all true Vices know;  
And send such Throngs down to thy Courts below:  
More Souls they've made obedient to thy Reign,  
Than Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas beside, contain.  
True, the first Woman gave the first bold Blow,  
And bravely sail'd down to th' Abyss below;  
But had the great Deed still been left undone,  
None of the daring Sex, no, hardly one,  
But in the very self-same path would go,  
Tho' sure 'twou'd lead 'em to eternal woe:  
Find me ye pow'rs, find one amongst 'em all,  
That does not envy *Eve* the glory of the Fall:  
Be cautious then, and guard your Empire well;  
For shou'd they once get power to rebel,  
They'd surely raise a Civil War in Hell,  
Add to the pains you feel; and make you know,  
W'are here above, as *Cast* as you below.

How happy had we been, had Heav'n design'd  
Some other way to propagate our kind?  
For whatso'ere those All-discerning Pow'rs  
Created Good: Wife! Nauseous Wife! turn'd sow'r;



# A Satyr against Woman.

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Debauch'd th' innocent, Ambrosial meat,  
And (like *Eves Apple*) made it Death to eat;  
But curst be the vile Name, and curst be they,  
Who are so tamely Dull as to obey.  
The Slaves they may command; Is there a Dog,  
Who, when he may have freedom, wears a Clog?  
But Man, base Man, the more imprudent Beast,  
Drags the dull weight when he may be releas'd:  
May such ye Gods (too many such we see)  
While they live here, just only live, to be  
The marks of Scorn, Contempt, and Infamy.  
But if the Tide of Nature boisterous grow,  
And would Rebellously its Banks o'erflow,  
Then chuse a Wench, who (full of lewd desires)  
Can meet your floods of Love with equal fires;  
And will, when e're you let the Deluge lie,  
Through an extended Sluce (straight drain it dry;  
That Whirl-pool Sluce which never knows a Shore,  
Ne're can be fill'd so full as to run o're,  
For still it gapes, and still cries — room for more!  
Such only damn the Soul, but a damn'd Wife,  
Damns that, and with it all the Joys of Life;  
And what vain Blockhead is so dull, but knows,  
That of two Ills the least is to be chose.

But now, since Womans boundless Lust I name,  
Womans unbounded Lust I first proclaim:  
Trace it through all the secret various ways,  
Where it still runs in an eternal Maze:  
And show that our lewd Age has brought to view,  
What impious *Sodom*, and *Gomorrah* too,  
Were they what once they were, would blush to do.  
True, I confess that *Rome's Imperial Whore*,  
(More Fam'd for Lust, than for the Crown she wore)  
Aspir'd to Deeds so impiously high,  
That their immortal Name will never die;  
Into the publick Stews (disguis'd) she thrust,  
To quench the raging Fury of her Lust;  
Her part against the Assembly she made good,  
And all the Sallics of their Lust withstood,

And



4 *Waind* A Satyr against Woman.

And detain'd 'em dry? exhausted all their store; in th' *Debauch*  
Yet all could not content th' insatiate Whore; And (the *And*)  
Her C——like the dull Grave, still gap'd for more; But can be *But*  
This, this she did, and bravely got her Name; Who are so *Who*  
Born up for ever on the Wings of Fame: as may *The*  
Yet this is poor, to what our Modern Age *Who*  
Has hatch'd, brought forth, and acted on the Stage; But Man, *But*  
Which for the Sex's glory He reherse; Drags the dull *Drags*  
And make that deathless, as that makes my Verse. *May*

Who knew not (for to whom was she unknown) *The*  
Our late illustrious *Bewley*? (true, she's gone) *But*  
To answer for the numerous Ills she's done; And would *And*  
Who, tho' in Hell (in Hell, if any where) *Then*  
Hemm'd round with all the flames and tortures there, Can meet *Can*  
Finds 'em not fiercer, tho' she feels the worst; And will, *And*  
Then when she liv'd, her own wild flames of Lust; Through *Through*  
As *Albions* Isle fast rooted in the Main; That *That*  
Does the rough Billows raging force disdain; We're can *We're*  
Which tho' they foam, and with loud tempests rore, For *For*  
Yet they can never reach beyond their shore. Such *Such*  
So she with Lusts Enthusiastick Rage, Dams *Dams*  
Sustain'd all the fall Stallions of the Age; And *And*  
Whole Legions she encounter'd, Legions fr'd; That *That*  
Insatiate yet, still fresh Supplies desir'd. *But*  
Illustrious Bawd, whose Fame shall be display'd; *But*  
When Heroes Glories are in Silence laid, *Women*  
I as profound a Silence, as the Slaves; Trace *Trace*  
Their conqu'ring Swords dispatch'd into their Graves; Where *Where*  
But Bodies must decay; for tis too sure; And *And*  
There's nothing from the Jaws of Time secure; What *What*  
Yet, when she found that she could do no more, Were *Were*  
When all her Body was one putrid Sore, *Time*  
Studded with Pox, and Ulcers quite all o're; *(More*  
Ev'n then, by her delusive treach'rous Wiles, *And*  
(Which show'd most specious when they most beguil'd) *And*  
Sh' enroll'd more Females in the List of Whore; Into *Into*  
Than all the Arts of Man e're did before; To *To*  
Prest with the pond'rous guilt, at length she fell, *Her*  
And through the solid Centre sunk to Hell: *And*

union find as they fit

The murm'ring Fiends all hover'd round about;  
And in hoarse howls did the great Bawd salute;  
Amaz'd to see a fordid lump of Clay,  
Stain'd with more various bolder Crimes than they:  
Nor were her torments less; for the dire Train,  
Soon sent her howling through the rowling flames,  
To the sad seat of everlasting pain.  
*Creswold*, and *Stratford*, the same Path do tread;  
In Lust's black Volumes so profoundly read,  
That wheresoe're they die, we well may fear,  
The very tincture of the Crimes they bear,  
With strange infusion may inspire the dust,  
And in the Grave commit true acts of Lust.

And now, if so much to the World's reveal'd,  
Reflect on the vast Stores that lie conceal'd,  
How, when into their Closets they retire,  
Where flaming Dil——s does inflame desire,  
And gentle Lap-d——s feed the am'rous fire:  
Lap-d——s! to whom they are more kind and free,  
Than they themselves to their own Husbands be.  
How curst is Man! when Brutes his Rivals prove,  
Ev'n in the sacred Business of his Love.  
Great was the wise Man's saying, great, as true;  
And we well know, than he none better knew;  
Ev'n he himself acknowledges the Womb  
To be as greedy as the gaping Tomb;  
Take Men, Dogs, Lions, Bears, all sorts of Stuff,  
Yet it will never cry —— there is enough.  
Nor are their Consciences (which can betray  
Where e're they're sworn to love) less large than they;  
Consciences, so lowly unconfin'd!  
That ev'ry one wou'd, cou'd they act their mind,  
To their own single share engross ev'n all Mankind.  
And when the Mind's corrupt, we all well know,  
The actions that proceed from't must be so.  
Their guilt's as great who any ills wou'd do,  
As theirs who freely do those ills pursue:  
That they would have it so their Crime assures;  
Thus if they durst, all Women would be Whores.



Forgive me Modesty, if I have been  
 In any thing I have mention'd here, Obscene;  
 Since my Design is to detect their Crimes,  
 Which (like a Deluge) overflow the Times:  
 But hold—Why shoud I ask that Boon of thee,  
 When 'tis a doubt if such a thing there be;  
 For Woman in whose Breasts thou'rt said to reign,  
 And show the glorious Conquests thou dost gain,  
 Despises thee, and only Courts thy Name:  
 (Sounds tho' we cannot see, yet we may hear;  
 And wonder at their Ecchoing through the Air.)  
 Thus led by what delusive Fame imparts,  
 We think thy Throne's erected in their Hearts;  
 But we're deceiv'd; as faith we ever were,  
 For if thou art, I'm sure thou art not there:  
 Nothing in those vile Mansions does reside,  
 But rank Ambition, Luxury, and Pride.  
 Pride is the Deity they most adore;  
 Hardly their own dear selves they cherish more:  
 When she commands, her Dictates they obey  
 As freely, as the Lamp that guides the Day,  
 Rows round the Globe to its great Maker's Will;  
 Vain senseless Sex! how swift they fly to ill;  
 'Tis true, Pride revels chiefly in the Heart,  
 From whence she does diffuse with impious Art  
 Her nauseous Poyson into ev'ry part;  
 Survey their very Looks, you'l find it there;  
 How can you miss it when 'tis ev'ry where?  
 Some, through all hunted Nature's Secrets trace,  
 To fill the Furrows of a wrinkl'd Face;  
 And after all their toyl (pray, mark the Curse)  
 They've only made that which was bad, much worse.  
 As some in striving to make ill Coin pass,  
 Have but the more discover'd that 'twas Brass:  
 Nay those that are reputed to be fair,  
 And know how courted, and admir'd they are,  
 Who one would think God had made so compleat,  
 They had no need to make his Gifts a Cheat;  
 Yet they too in adulteration share,  
 And wou'd in spite of Nature be more fair.



## *A Satyr against Woman.*

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XX

Deluded Woman! tell me, where's the gain,  
In spending Time upon a thing so vain?  
Your precious Time, (O to your selves unkind!)  
When 'tis uncertain you've an hour behind  
Which you can call your own: For tho' y'are Fair,  
And beautiful as Guardian Angels are;  
Adorn'd by Nature, fitted out by Art,  
In all the Glories that delude the Heart:  
Yet tell me, tell; have they the pow'r to save?  
Or can they priviledge you from the Grave?  
The Grave which favors not the Rich or Fair;  
Beauty with the Beast lies undistinguish'd there.

But hold——methinks I'm interrupted here,  
By some Gay-Fop I neither Love nor Fear;  
Who in these words his weakness does reveal,  
And hurts that Wound which he shou'd strive to heal.

“Soft Sir, methinks you too inveterate grow;  
“Y'are so much their's, y'are to your self a Foe,  
“And more your Envy, than Discretion show.  
“Who'd Blame the Sun because she shines so bright,  
“That we can't gaze upon his daz'ling light?  
“When at the self-same time he cheers the Earth,  
“And gives the various Plants, and Blossoms birth.  
“How does the Winter look, that naked thing,  
“Compar'd with the fresh Glories of the Spring?  
“Rivers, adorn the Earth; the Fish, the Seas;  
“Flow'rs, and Grass the Meadows; Fruit the Trees;  
“The Stars, the Fields of Air through which they ride;  
“And Woman, all the works of God beside:  
“Yet base detracting Envy wont allow  
“They should adorn themselves; then pray Sir, now  
“Produce some Reason's why y'are so severe;  
“For envious as you are you know they're Fair.

True Sir say I——so were those Apples too,  
Which in the midst of the first Garden grew;  
But when they were examin'd, all within,  
Wrapt in a specious and alluring skin,  
Lay the rank baits of never dying Sin.

Nature made all things fair; tis not deny'd;  
 And dress'd 'em in an unaffected Pride:  
 The Earth, the Meadows, Rivers, Woods, and Flow'rs,  
 Proclaim the skill of their great Maker's pow'r;  
 And as they first were made, do yet remain,  
 And all their Prim'tive Beauties still retain.  
 Nothing but vain fantastick Woman's chang'd;  
 And through all Mischief's various Mazes rang'd:  
 And with strange frantick Folly they have shewn,  
 (Folly peculiar to themselves alone)  
 More ways to Pride, Sloth, and all sorts of Sin,  
 Than there are Fires in Hell to plunge 'em in.  
 Thus that they're Fair, you see is not deny'd;  
 But tell me, are th' Unhansom free from Pride;  
 No no; the Strait, the Crooked, Ugly, Fair,  
 Have all promiscuously an equal share.  
 Thus Sir, you see how they're estrang'd and stray'd,  
 From what by Nature they at first were made.  
 Yet tho' so many of their Crimes I've nam'd,  
 That's still untold for which they most are Fam'd:  
 A Sin! (tall as the Pyramids of old)  
 From whose aspiring top we may behold  
 Enough to damn a World — what should it be,  
 But (Curse upon the name) Inconstancy?  
 O tell me, does the World those Men contain  
 (For I have look't for such but look't in vain)  
 Whone're were drawn into their Fatal Shares?  
 Fatal I call 'em, for he's damn'd that's there.  
 Inspir'd then by your Wrongs and my just spight,  
 Ple bring the Fiend unmask't to humane sight,  
 Tho' hid in the black Womb of deepest Night.  
 No more the Wind, the faithless Wind, shall be  
 A *Simile* for their Inconstancy;  
 For that sometimes is fixt; but Woman's Mind,  
 Is never fixt, or to one Point inclin'd:  
 Less fixt than in a Storm the Billows be;  
 Or trembling Leaves upon an *Aspen* Tree,  
 Which ne're stand still, but (ev'ry way inclin'd)  
 Turn twenty times with the least breath of Wind.  
 Less fixt than wanton Swallows while they play  
 In the Sun-beams, to welcome in the Day:



Now yonder, now they're here, as soon as there  
 In no place long, and yet are every where  
 Like a toss'd Ship their Passions fall and rise  
 One while you'd think it touch'd the very Skies  
 When strait upon the Sand they growling lie  
 Ev'n she her self, *Sick*, to loy'd and fair  
 Whose one kind look could save me from despair  
 She, the whose Smiles I value at that rate  
 To enjoy them I scorn'd the frowns of Fate  
 Ev'n she her self (but Ah! I'm loth to tell  
 Or blame the Crimes of one I lov'd so well  
 But it must out) ev'n she, swift as the Wind,  
 Swift as the airy motions of the Mind,  
 At once prov'd false, and perjur'd, and unkind  
 Here they to day invoke the Pow'rs above  
 As Witnesses to their Immortal Love  
 When (lo!) away the airy Fantom flies  
 And e're it can be said to live, it dies  
 Thus all Religious Vows, and Oaths they break  
 With the same ease and freedom as they speak  
 Nor is that sacred Idol, Marriage free  
 (Marriage! which musty Drones affirm to be  
 The tye of Souls, as well as Bodies) nay,  
 The Spring that does through unseen Pipes convey  
 Fresh sweets to Life, and drives the bitter dregs away  
 The Sacred Flame, the Guardian Pile of Fire  
 That guides our steps to peace! nor does expire  
 Till it has left us nothing to desire  
 Ev'n thus adorn'd, the Idol is not free  
 From the swift turns of their Inconstancy  
 Witness the *Ephesian* Matron, whose lewd Act  
 Has made her name Immortal in the Fact  
 Who to the Grave with her dead Husband went  
 And clos'd her self up in his Monument  
 Where on cold Marble she lamenting lay  
 In sighs, she spent the Nights, in Tears, the Day  
 The wond'ring World extoll'd her faithful Mind  
 Extoll'd her as the best of Woman-kind  
 But see the World's mistake; and with it, see  
 The strange effects of wild Inconstancy!



For she her self, ev'n in that sacred Room,  
 With one brisk, vig'rous Onset was become,  
 And made a Brothel of her Husband's Tomb:  
 Whose pale Ghost trembled in its Sacred Shroud,  
 Wond'ring that Heav'n should Impious Act allow'd  
 Horror in Robes of Darkness stalk'd around,  
 And through the frighted Tomb did Groans resound:  
 The very Marbles wept, the Furies howl'd,  
 And in hoarse Murmurs their amazement told:  
 All this shook not the Dictates of her Mind,  
 But with a boldness, boldness was her Crime,  
 She made her Husband's Ghost (in Death a Slave)  
 Her necessary Pimp, ev'n in his Grave:  
 Are these (ye Gods) the Virtues of a Wife?  
 The Peace that Crownes a Matrimonial Life?  
 Is this the Sacred Prize for which Man fights?  
 Bliss, of his Days? and Rapture of his Nights?  
 The Rains, that guide him in his wild Careers?  
 And the Supporter of his feeble Years?  
 His Freedom, in his Chains? and Want his Store?  
 His Health, in Sicknes? and his Wealth, when Poor?  
 No, no, 'tis Contradiction, opposite,  
 As much as Heav'n's to Hell, or Day's to Night.  
 They crown Man's Life with Peace? no, rather far,  
 They are the cause of all his Bosom war;  
 The very Source, and Fountain of his Woes,  
 From whence Despair, and Doubt for ever flows:  
 The Gall, that mingles with his best delight,  
 Rank, to the Taste; and mauls out to the Sight:  
 A Days, the weight of Care that clogs his Breast,  
 At Night the Hagg, that does disturb his rest:  
 His mortal Sicknes in the midst of Health,  
 Chains, in his Freedom; Poverty in Wealth:  
 Th' Eternal Pestilence, and Plague of Life;  
 Th' Original, and Spring of all his Strife;  
 These rather are the Virtues of a Wife!  
 Yet if all these should not sufficient be  
 To make us understand our misery,  
 See it summ'd up in their Inconstancy:

*A Satyr against Woman.*

11

In which, so many various ways they hurt, shall I not show?  
They now Inconstant in their Follies prove, and less than true;  
Ev'n as inconstant as they do in Love, and less than true;  
Nor is't alone confin'd in those to range, who love and less than true;  
Their Vices too themselves admit of change, and less than true;  
Their dearest darling Vices, Lust, and Pride, and less than true;  
With all they promise, think, or dream beside: and less than true;  
O how inconstant then must Woman be, and less than true;  
When constant only in Inconstancy? and less than true;

O why, ye awful Powers, why wast' your Will, and less than true;  
To mix our solid good with so much ill? and less than true;  
Unless 'twere when you found rebellious Man, and less than true;  
(For ere time was you could their Actions scan, and less than true;  
Would commit Crimes so impious, and high, and less than true;  
That they were made your vengeance to supply: and less than true;  
For not the wild destructive waste of War, and less than true;  
Nor all the endless Labyrinths of the Bar, and less than true;  
Famine, Revenge, perpetual loss of Health, and less than true;  
No, nor that grinning Fiend, Despair it self, and less than true;  
When it, insults with most tyrannick sway, and less than true;  
Can plague or torture mankind more than they. and less than true;

But hold! — don't let me blame the Powers Divine; and less than true;  
Or at the wond'rous Works they made, repine: and less than true;  
All first was good, form'd by th' eternal Will, and less than true;  
Tho' some has since degenerated to ill: and less than true;  
Ev'n Woman was (they say) made chaste and good; and less than true;  
But Ah! not long in that best State she stood, and less than true;  
She fell, she fell, and sow'd the poisonous Seeds, and less than true;  
Of Murder, Rapine, all inhumane Deeds, and less than true;  
Which now so very firm have taken root, and less than true;  
That Heav'n in vain would strive to raze 'em out, and less than true;

But stop my Pen; for who can comprehend, and less than true;  
Or trace those Crimes which here below are end'd, and less than true;  
The Sun, The Moon, the Stars that gild the Sky, and less than true;  
The World, and all its glories too, must dye, and less than true;  
And in one universal Ruin lie: and less than true;  
But they ev'n Immortality will gain, and less than true;  
And live — but must for ever live in pain; and less than true;  
For ever live, damn'd to eternal Night, and less than true;  
And never more review the Sacred Light. and less than true;

Beware.



Beware then, dull deluded many how vain  
 And let not treacherous Woman be the same,  
 To make you the Companions with her there  
 Scorn their vain Smiles, and all their Arts despise,  
 And your Content at that just value prize,  
 As not to let those ravishous Thieves of Prey,  
 Rifle, and bear the sacred Prize away;  
 'Tis they, 'tis they that rob us of that Gem;  
 How cou'd we lose it were it not for them?  
 Avoid 'em then, with all the gawdy Arts,  
 Which they still practise to amuse our Hearts;  
 Avoid 'em, as you would avoid their Crimes,  
 Or the mad Follies that infect the Times;  
 Avoid 'em, as you would the pains of Hell,  
 For in them, as in that, Damnation dwells.

But now, shou'd some (for doubtless we may find  
 Many a true bred Beast amongst Mankind)  
 Shou'd such contempt the wholesome Rules I give,  
 And in contempt of what I've spoke, still live  
 Like base-sou'd Slaves, still those vile Fetters wear,  
 When they may be as unconfin'd as Air,  
 Or the wing'd Race that does inhabit there;  
 May all the Plagues that Woman can invent,  
 Pursue 'em with eternal Punishment;  
 May they — but stay, my Curser I forgettally  
 For in one Case I have comprehended all  
 But say Sir, if some Pilot on the Main  
 Shou'd be so mad, so resolutely vain,  
 To steer his Bark upon that fatal Shore,  
 Where he has seen ten thousand wrecks before,  
 Tho' he shou'd perish there; say you not  
 Bestow a Curse on the Detraction Sort;  
 Trust me, the Man as frenzied as he,  
 Who ventures his Bark out wilfully,  
 On the Wild, Rocky, Matrimonial Sea;  
 When round about, and just before his Eyes,  
 Such a destructive waste of fatal Ruin lies.